

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.



WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son, upon the same subject, into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet, and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's works—I stopped at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world.—'Comment!' said I; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us—He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B***.

—'And does the Count de B***,' said I, 'read Shakespeare?'—'*C'est un esprit fort,*' replied the bookseller.—'He loves English books; and, what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too.'—'You speak this so civilly,' said I, 'that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your shop.'—The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something; when a young decent girl about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop, and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit*: the bookseller gave her the book

directly; she pulled out a little green, fatten purse run round with ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—'And what have you to do, my dear,' said I, 'with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one; nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so.'—'*Le Dieu m'en garde!*' said the girl. With reason,' said I; 'for if it is a good one, 'tis pity it should be stolen; 'tis a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.'

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her fatten purse by its ribband in her hand all the time. 'Tis a very small one,' said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—(she held it towards me)—'and there is very little in it, my dear,' said I; 'but be but as good as thou art handsome, and Heaven will fill it.' I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in—and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble curtsy than a low one—'twas one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down—the body does no more than tell it. I ne-

ver

ver gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

'My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you,' said I, 'if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you'll remember it—fod on't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' said the girl, earnestly, 'I am incapable.' In saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand—*'En vérité, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,'* said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so, notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second curtsy in setting off—and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop—to tell me again, she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—'But I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befall the man who ever lays a snare in it's way!'

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

'But is this the way, my dear,' said I, 'to the Hotel de Modene?' She told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegault, which was the next turn.—'Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegault,' said I, 'for two reasons: first, I shall please myself; and next, I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can.' The girl was sensible I was civil—and said, she wished the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre—'You live there?' said I. She told me she was *filie de chambre* to Madame R****. 'Good God!' said I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.'—The girl told me that

Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed—We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes: so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh—and, as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head—that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness—'Tut!' said I, 'are we not all relations?'

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guenegault, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness—She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men—I did what amounted to the same thing—

—I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after—by the lieutenant de police. 'The deuce take it!' said I, 'I know the reason.'—It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted—not that it was out of my

my head; but that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so hearing the Count De **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty—only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself—‘Let me go to Paris, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I—‘and I shall do very well.’ So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing—with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after. The master of the hotel concluded with saying, he hoped I had one—‘Not I, faith!’ said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

‘*Mon Seigneur!*’ cried the master of the hotel—but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it—‘If Monsieur,’ said he, ‘has not a passport; (*apparemment*) in all likelihood

‘he has friends in Paris who can procure him one.’—‘Not that I know of,’ quoth I, with an air of indifference.—‘Then, *certes*,’ replied he, ‘you’ll be sent to the Bastille, or the Chatelet, *au moins!*’—‘Poo!’ said I, ‘the King of France is a good-natured soul—he’ll hurt nobody.’—‘*Cela n’empêche pas*,’ said he; ‘you will certainly be sent to the Bastille to-morrow morning.’—‘But I have taken your lodgings for a month,’ answered I, ‘and I’ll not quit them a day before the time, for all the Kings of France in the world.’ La Fleur whispered in my ear—that nobody could oppose the King of France.

‘*Pardi!*’ said my host, ‘*ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires!*’—and, having both said and sworn it, he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I Could not find in my heart to torture La Fleur with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly: and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropped the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller’s shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step farther—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.

—‘And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out:—I must tell it here.

Eugenius knowing that I was as little subject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aside

to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine.—‘I have enough in conscience, Eugenius,’ said I.—‘Indeed, Yorick, you have not,’ replied Eugenius—‘I know France and Italy better than you.—But you don’t consider, Eugenius,’ said I, refusing his offer, ‘that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France’s expence.—I beg pardon,’ said Eugenius drily; ‘really I had forgot that resource.’

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me—that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Bastile! the terror is in the word.—‘Make the most of it you can,’ said I to myself, ‘the Bastile is but another word for a tower—and a tower is but another word for a house you can’t get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink, and paper and patience, albeit a man can’t get out, he may do very well within—at least, for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.’

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning.—‘Behrew the *sombre* pencil!’ said I, vauntingly—‘for I envy not it’s powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—It is true,’ said I, correcting the proposition, ‘the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of it’s towers—fill up the

fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.’

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained—it *could not get out*. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—‘I can’t get out—I can’t get out!’ said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of it’s captivity—‘I can’t get out!’ said the starling.—‘God help thee!’ said I, ‘but I will let thee out, cost what it will.’ So I turned about the cage to get the door—it was twisted and double-twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—‘I fear, poor creature!’ said I, ‘I cannot set thee at liberty.—No,’ said the starling—‘I can’t get out—I can’t get out!’ said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chaunted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematick reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

‘Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery!’ said I—‘still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess!’ addressing myself to LIBERTY—‘whom all

all in public or in private worship;
 whose taste is grateful, and ever will
 be so, till Nature herself shall change!
 — No tint of words can spot thy
 snowy mantle, or chymick power turn
 thy sceptre into iron—With thee to
 smile upon him as he eats his crust,
 the swain is happier than his monarch
 from whose court thou art exiled—
 'Gracious Heaven!' cried I, kneeling
 down upon the last step but one in
 my ascent, 'grant me but health, thou
 great Bestower of it, and give me but
 this fair goddess as my companion—
 and shower down thy miseres, if it
 seems good unto thy Divine Provi-
 dence, upon those heads which are
 aching for them!'

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me
 into my room; I sat down
 close to my table, and leaning my
 head upon my hand, I began to figure
 to myself the miseries of confinement.
 I was in a right frame for it, and
 so I gave full scope to my imagina-
 tion.

I was going to begin with the mil-
 lions of my fellow-creatures, born to
 no inheritance but slavery: but find-
 ing, however affecting the picture was,
 that I could not bring it near me, and
 that the multitude of groupes in it did
 but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and hav-
 ing first shut him up in his dungeon, I
 then looked through the twilight of his
 grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away
 with long expectation and confinement,
 and felt what kind of sickness of the
 heart it was which arises from hope de-
 ferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw
 him pale and feverish: in thirty years the
 western breeze had not once fanned his
 blood—he had seen no sun, no moon,
 in all that time—nor had the voice of
 friend or kinsman breathed through his
 lattice—His children—

But here my heart began to bleed—
 —and I was forced to go on with
 another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon
 a little straw, in the farthest corner of
 his dungeon, which was alternately his

chair and bed: a little calendar of
 small sticks were laid at the head,
 notched, all over with the dismal days
 and nights he had passed there—he had
 one of these little sticks in his hand,
 and with a rusty nail he was etching
 another day of misery to add to the heap.
 As I darkened the little light he had,
 he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the
 door, then cast it down—shook his
 head, and went on with his work of
 affliction. I heard his chains upon
 his legs, as he turned his body to lay
 his little stick upon the bundle—He
 gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter
 into his soul—I burst into tears—I
 could not sustain the picture of con-
 finement which my fancy had drawn—
 I started up from my chair, and call-
 ing La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a
remise, and have it ready at the door of
 the hotel by nine in the morning.

—'I'll go directly,' said I, 'my-
 self, to Monsieur Le Duc de Choi-
 seul.'

La Fleur would have put me to bed;
 but not willing he should see any thing
 upon my cheek which would cost the
 honest fellow a heart ache—I told him
 I would go to bed by myself—and bid
 him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I Got into my *remise* the hour I
 promised: La Fleur got up behind,
 and I bid the coachman make the best
 of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road,
 or rather nothing which I look for in
 travelling, I cannot fill up the blank
 better than with a short history of this
 self-same bird, which became the sub-
 ject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr. ****
 was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had
 been caught upon the cliffs before it
 could well fly, by an English lad who
 was his groom; who not caring to de-
 stroy it, had taken it in his breast into
 the packet—and by course of feeding
 it, and taking it once under his pro-
 tection, in a day or two grew fond of
 it, and got it safe along with him to
 Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre
 in a little cage for the starling, and as

he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much it's debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the master of the hotel—But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes—and telling the story of him to Lord A—, Lord A. begged the bird of me—In a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B—; Lord B. made a present of him to Lord C—; and Lord C.'s gentleman sold him to Lord D.'s for a shilling—Lord D. gave him to Lord E—, and and so on—half round the alphabet—From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners—But as all these wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms—Thus—



—And let the heralds officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I Should not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself: but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C**** was an act of compulsion—had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form!—I deserved the Bastille for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C****'s good graces—'This will do,' said I, 'Just as well,' retorted I again, 'as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure—Fool!' continued I, 'see Monsieur Le Duc's face first—observe what character is written in it—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs—and for the tone, the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you—and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the duke—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.'

'Well,' said I, 'I wish it well over!' 'Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet, too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C**** with the Bastille in thy looks—my life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort!'

'I believe so,' said I.—'Then I'll go to the duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.'

—'And there you are wrong again,' replied I; 'A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—tis ever on it's center.'—'Well! well! cried

cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, 'I find I shall do very well.' And by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmast—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon I was met by a person who possibly might be the maitre d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under-secretaries, who told me the Duc de C**** was busy.—'I am utterly ignorant,' said I, 'of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too.'—He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow—and told him, I had something of importance to say to Monsieur Le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one.—'But I must not mislead you,' said I—'for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur Le Duc de C****—but of great importance to myself.'—'*C'est une autre affaire,*' replied he.—'Not at all,' said I, 'to a man of gallantry.'—'But pray, good Sir,' continued I, 'when can a stranger hope to have access?'—'In not less than two hours,' said he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastille itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATTISER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind. 'As I am at Versailles,' thought

I, 'I might as well take a view of the town.' So I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets.—'I suppose the town is not very large,' said I. The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes, and marquisses, and counts, had hotels.—The Count de B****, of whom the bookseller at the *Quai de Conti* had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind. 'And why should I not go,' thought I, 'to the Count de B****, who has so high an idea of English books, and English men—and tell him my story?' So I changed my mind a second time.—In truth, it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R**** in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her.—But I am governed by circumstances—I cannot govern them: so, seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and enquire for the count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale: and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *patés*. 'It is impossible, La Fleur,' said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix* set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into the basket, and seen the *patés* which the chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him, his *croix* and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half-way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout, that one might

might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him—and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a *livre*—‘and, indeed,’ said he, ‘without any thing but this.’—(Pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*.)—‘The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.’

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes; but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems, he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his *croix* had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done.—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king’s ears—who hearing the chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred *livres* a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate

another, out of it’s order, to please myself—the two stories reflect light upon each other—and ’tis a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d’E*** in Brittany, into decay. The Marquis d’E*** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple oeconomy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—But in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it, and taking an occasion, when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy—which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force—he took his sword from his side—‘Here,’ said he, ‘take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.’

The president accepted the marquis’s sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

—There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

‘I shall find,’ said he, ‘some other way to get it off.’

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard—made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I Found no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur Le Count de B****. The set of Shakespeare was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me.—‘It is my countryman, the great Shakespeare,’ said I, pointing to his works.—‘*Et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami,*’ (apostrophizing his spirit, added I) ‘*de me faire cet hon-*

The count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller’s shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment: I was under, than to any other man in France.—‘And what is your embarrassment—let me hear it,’ said the count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader.

—‘And the master of the hotel,’ said I, as I concluded it, ‘will needs have it, Monsieur Le Count, that I should be sent to the Bastille.—But I have no apprehensions,’ continued I—‘for, in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I laid at their mercy.—It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I, ‘to shew it against invalids.’

An animated blush came into the Count de B****’s cheeks as I spoke this. ‘*Ne craignez rien—Don’t fear,*’ said he. ‘Indeed, I don’t,’ replied I again. ‘Besides,’ continued I, a little sportingly, ‘I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monsieur Le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.’

—‘My application to you, Monsieur Le Count de B**** (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.’

The count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much—and once or twice said—‘*C’est bien dit.*’ So I rested my cause there—and determined to say no more about it.

The count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent things—of books, and politicks, and men—and then of women. ‘God bless them all!’ said I, after much discourse about them—‘there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man, who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.’

‘*Heb*

'*Heb bien, Monsieur l'Anglois!*' said the count, gaily. 'You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare say, that of our women—But permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the prospect would not affect you.'

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together—the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

'Excuse me, Monsieur Le Count,' said I; 'as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women,' (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) 'I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on.—But I could wish,' continued I, 'to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by—and therefore am I come.'

'It is for this reason, Monsieur Le Count,' continued I, 'that I have not seen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg—nor the Façade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches—I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the Transfiguration of Raphael itself.'

'The thirst of this,' continued I, 'as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home to France—and from France will lead me through Italy—'tis a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other—and the world—better than we do.'

The count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespeare for making me known to him. 'But, *à-propos*,' said he—'Shakespeare is full of great things

—he forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.'

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose—for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the count, with my finger all the way over the name—'Me! *Voici!*' said I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magick he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—'tis certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case—He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the King of Denmark's jester—'Good my lord!' said I, 'but there are two Yoricks—the Yorick your lordship thinks of has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court.' [He shook his head]—'Good God!' said I, 'you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the Coppersmith, my lord.'—'Twas all one, he replied.

—'If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship,' said I, 'I am sure your lordship would not have said so.'

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the same error—

—'Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?' cried the

the count.—*‘Je le suis,’* said I.—*‘Vous?’*—*‘Moi—moi, qui ai l’honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte.’*—*‘Mon Dieu!’* said he, embracing me—*‘Vous etes Yorick!’*

The count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I Could not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket—*‘Myseries which must explain themselves are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up;’* it was better to read Shakespeare. So taking up *Much ado about Nothing*, I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro, and Benedict, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport.

Sweet pliability of man’s spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground! When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings for myself in her’s, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

‘Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason

only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. *‘Monf. Le Duc de****,’* said the count, is ‘as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman—*‘Un homme qui rit,’* said the duke, *‘ne sera jamais dangereux.’*—*‘Had it been for any one but the king’s jester,’* added the count, *‘I could not have got it these two hours.’*—*‘Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Le Count,’* said I, *‘I am not the king’s jester.’*—*‘But you are Yorick?’*—*‘Yes.’*—*‘Et vous plaisantez?’*—I answered, Indeed, I did jest—but was not paid for it;—’twas entirely at my own expence.

‘We have no jester at court, Monsieur Le Count,’ said I; ‘the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.—since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for nothing but the honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout—there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of.’

‘Voila un persiflage!’ cried the count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick the king’s jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own, the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it—But there is nothing unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far, as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh—and that the greatest *they knew of* terminated in a general way, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember, the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his Commentary upon the Generations from Adam, very nat-

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turally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

— 'Tis Arangel' writes Bevoriskius—'but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caroles three and twenty times and a half.'

— 'How merciful,' adds Bevoriskius, 'is Heaven to his creatures!'

— Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world; which stains thy face with crimson, to copy in even thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels—So I twice—twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French?' said the Count de B****, after he had given me the Passport.

The reader may suppose, that after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the enquiry.

'*Mais passe, pour cela*—Speak frankly,' said he: 'do you find a the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?' I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it. '*Vraiment*,' said the count—'*les François sont polis*.'—'To an excess,' replied I.

The count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it, I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time as well as I could against it—he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

'I believe, Monsieur Le Count,' said I, 'that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him;

so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want, either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.'—The Count de B**** did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. 'A polished nation, my dear count,' said I, 'makes every one it's debtor; and, besides, urbanity itself, like the fair-sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is impowered to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of—but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones—we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.'

I had a few of King William's shillings as smooth as glass in my pocket; and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far—

'See, Monsieur Le Count,' said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table—'by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.'

'The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, Monsieur Le Count,' added I, (wishing to soften what I had said) 'have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and

‘and good-tempered people, as is under Heaven—if they have a fault, they are too serious.’

‘*Mon Dieu!*’ cried the count, rising out of his chair.

‘*Mais vous plaisantez,*’ said he, correcting his exclamation.—I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him it was my most settled opinion.

The count said, he was mortified he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

‘But if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you support it—but if you do support it, Monsieur Anglois,’ said he, ‘you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.’—I promised the count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy—so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band box had been that moment enquiring for me.—‘I do not know,’ said the porter, ‘whether she is gone away or no.’ I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commission to a *merchant de modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris—and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting,

and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*’s face—I thought she blushed—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—it is sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves—it is associated.—

But I’ll not describe it—I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before—I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one—I took a pen up—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adversary, whom if we resist he will fly from us—but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat—so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink: she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durst not.—‘I have nothing, my dear,’ said I, ‘to write upon.’—‘Write it,’ said she, simply, ‘upon any thing.’

I was just going to cry out, ‘Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.’—

‘If I do,’ said I, ‘I shall perish.’—So I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her. She said, indeed she would not—and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine.—It was impossible not to compress them in that situation—I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing with myself against it—and still I held them on. In two minutes, I found I had all the bauble to fight over again—and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we

were standing—I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

‘I’ll just shew you,’ said the fair *filles de chambre*, ‘the little purse I have been making to hold your crown.’ So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time—then into the left—She had lost it.—I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown—she put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on the side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock—the fair *filles de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little hussive, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up—I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manoeuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—‘See!’ said the *filles de chambre*, holding up her foot.—I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap—and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right—in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *filles de chambre* off her centre—and then—

THE CONQUEST.

YES—and then—Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it, that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece—must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?—‘Whip me such stoicks,

‘great Governor of Nature!’ said I to myself; ‘wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice—for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.’

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *filles de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—and then—the victory being quite decisive—and not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek—and, taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of musick which had called forth my affections—therefore, when I let go the hand of the *filles de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophick, serious, adult look, which passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty-two—had a small cane under his arm—was dressed in a dark drab-coloured coat, waistcoat, and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service—they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal propriety throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn. He passed by me without asking any thing—and yet did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman.

—I was

—I was much more likely to have given of the two.—He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the same way. An ancient gentleman came slowly—and after him, a young smart one—he let them both pass, and asked nothing. I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose—the first was, why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex—and secondly—what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew 'twas to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery—the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition—the other was, it was always successful—he never stopped a woman, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I Was immediately followed by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere.—‘How so, friend?’ said I. He answered, I had had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was against the rules of his house.—‘Very well,’ said I, ‘we’ll all part friends, then—for the girl is no worse—and I am no worse—and you will be just as I found you.’—‘It was enough,’ he said, ‘to overthrow the credit of his hotel.’—‘*Voyez vous, Monsieur!*’ said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon—I own, it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any

detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

‘I should not have minded, *Monseigneur*,’ said he, ‘if you had had twenty girls.’—‘Tis a score more,’ replied I, interrupting him, ‘than I ever reckoned upon.’—‘Provided,’ added he, ‘it had been in the morning.’—‘And does the difference of the time of the day, at Paris, make a difference in the sin?’—It made a difference, he said, in the scandal.—I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man.—‘I own it is necessary,’ reassumed the master of the hotel, ‘that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace, and silk stockings, and ruffles, *et tout cela*—and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.’—‘O my conscience,’ said I, ‘she had one; but I never looked into it.’—‘Then,’ *Monseigneur*,’ said he, ‘has bought nothing?’—‘Not one earthly thing,’ replied I. ‘Because,’ said he, ‘I could recommend one to you who would use you *en conscience*.’—‘But I must see her this night,’ said I. He made me a low bow, and walked down.

‘Now shall I triumph over this *maître d’hôtel!*’ cried I.—‘And what then?’—‘Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.’—‘And what then?’—‘What then!’—I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.—I had no good answer left;—there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the grisset came in with her box of lace—‘I’ll buy nothing, however,’ said I, within myself.

The grisset would shew me every thing—I was hard to please—she would not seem to see it—she opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the most patient sweetness—I might buy—or not—she would let me have every thing at my own price—The poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful,

artful, as in one I felt simple and careless.

If there is not a fund of honest culpability in man, so much the worse—my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly at the first.—‘Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host,’ thought I, looking up in her face, ‘so much harder is thy bread!’

If I had not had more than four Louis-d’ors in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

—‘The master of the hotel will share the profit with her,’—No matter—then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has paid before me, for an act he could not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night’s rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it—so I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry on my side for the occasion I had given him—‘And you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur,’ added I, ‘that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.’

This was a sacrifice—not to him, but myself—having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks—but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

‘*C’est déroger à noblesse, Monsieur,*’ said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it—‘*Et encore, Monsieur,*’ said he, ‘may change his sentiments—and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself—’

‘I find no amusement in it,’ said I, interrupting him.

‘*Mon Dieu!*’ said La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour’s time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he

which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was, and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man’s asking charity before the door of the hotel—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that not out of curiosity—’tis so low a principle of enquiry in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece—but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher’s stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my brains to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my dreams, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris as much as those of Chaldea, to have given it’s interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriol to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis-d’ors, *pour s’adonner*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him hanged for telling me—They looked so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome

some blue fatten waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but it was clean scoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and solitaire, and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches-knees—He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white silk stockings for five more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sou.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-a-vis de sa maitresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-a-vis* Madame De R****—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not *argue*, in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—No doubt they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them—but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

‘Behold—Behold, I am the servant!’—disarms me at once of the powers of a master—

—‘Thou shalt go, La Fleur!’ said I.

—‘And what mistress, La Fleur,’ said I, ‘canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris?’ La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said it was a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur Le Count de B****s. La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, somehow or other—but how, Heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the count’s household, upon the *Boulevards*.

‘Happy people! that once a week, at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!’

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and, as the morning was warm, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was, and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third—I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time—and, for aught I know, might have been wrote by him—it was moreover in a Gothick letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then—so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—NOW as the notary's wife disputed the point with the notary with too much heat—"I wish," said the notary, (throwing down the parchment) "that there was another notary here, only to set down and attest all this."

—"And what would you do then, Monsieur?" said she, rising hastily up.—"The notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—"I would go," answered he, "to bed."—"You may go to the devil!" answered the notary's wife.

"Now, there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane, and short cloak, the

night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the *Pont Neuf*.

"Of all the bridges which ever were built—the whole world, who have passed over the *Pont Neuf*, must own, that it is the noblest—the finest—the grandest—the lightest—the longest—the broadest—that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe."

[By this it seems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.]

"The worst fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge against it, is—that if there is but a capful of wind in or about Paris, it is more blasphemously *sacre Dieu* there, than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reason good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying, "*Garde d'eau!*" and with such unpremeditated puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

"The poor notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it, but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the balustrade clear into the Seine.

—"Tis an ill wind," said a boatman, who caught it, "which blows nobody any good."

"The sentry, being a Gascon, instantly twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his *harquebuss*.

"*Harquebusses*, in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—"Tis an ill wind," said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

"The poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the *Rue de Dauphine* into the *Fauxbourg* of St. Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner—

"Luckless man that I am!" said the notary, "to be the sport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the storm of ill language le-

"velled

"velled against me and my profession
"wherever I go—to be forced into
"marriage by the thunder of the church
"to a tempest of a woman—to be
"driven forth out of my house by do-
"mestick winds, and despoiled of my
"castor by pontifick ones—to be here,
"bare-headed, in a windy night, at
"the mercy of the ebbs and flows of
"accidents—where am I to lay my
"head?—Miserable man! what wind
"in the two and thirty points of the
"whole compass can blow unto thee,
"as it does to the rest of thy fellow-
"creatures, good!"

"As the notary was passing on by a
"dark passage, complaining in this sort,
"a voice called out to a girl, to bid her
"run for the next notary—now the no-
"tary being the next, and availing him-
"self of his situation, walked up the
"passage to the door, and passing through
"an old sort of a saloon, was ushered
"into a large chamber, dismantled of
"every thing but a long military pike
"—a breast-plate—a rusty old sword—
"and bandoleer—hung up equidistant
"in four different places against the
"wall.

"An old personage, who had here-
"tofore been a gentleman, and unless
"decay of fortune taints the blood along
"with it, was a gentleman at that
"time, lay supporting his head upon
"his hand, in his bed; a little table
"with a taper burning was set close
"beside it, and close by the table
"was placed a chair—the notary sat
"him down in it; and pulling out his
"inkhorn and a sheet or two of pa-
"per which he had in his pocket, he
"placed them before him—and dipping
"his pen in his ink, and leaning his
"breast over the table, he disposed eve-
"ry thing to make the gentleman's last
"will and testament.

"Alas! Monsieur le Notaire," said
"the gentleman, raising himself up a
"little, "I have nothing to bequeath,
"which will pay the expence of be-
"queathing, except the history of my-
"self, which I could not die in peace
"unless I left it as a legacy to the
"world; the profits arising out of it
"I bequeath to you for the pains of
"taking it from me—it is a story so
"uncommon, it must be read by all
"mankind—it will make the fortunes
"of your house." The notary dipped
"his pen into his inkhorn.—"Al-

"mighty Director of every event in my
"life!" said the old gentleman, look-
"ing up earnestly, and raising his hands
"towards heaven—"Thou, whose
"hand has led me on through such a
"labyrinth of strange passages down
"into this scene of desolation, assist
"the decaying memory of an old, in-
"firm, and broken-hearted man—di-
"rect my tongue by the spirit of thy
"eternal truth, that this stranger may
"set down nought but what is written
"in that BOOK, from whose records,"
"said he, clasping his hands together,
"I am to be condemned or acquitted!"

—"The notary held up the point of his
"pen betwix the taper and his eye—

—"It is a story, Monsieur Le No-
"taire," said the gentleman, "which
"will rouse up every affection in na-
"ture—it will kill the humane, and
"touch the heart of cruelty herself
"with pity."

—"The notary was inflamed with
"a desire to begin, and put his pen a third
"time into his inkhorn—and the old
"gentleman turning a little more to-
"wards the notary, began to dictate his
"story in these words—"

—"And where is the rest of it,
"La Fleur?" said I—he just then en-
"tered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE BOUQUET.

WHEN La Fleur came up close
to the table, and was made to
comprehend what I wanted, he told me
there were only two other sheets of it,
which he had wrapt round the stalks of
a bouquet to keep it together, which he
had presented to the *demoiselle* upon
the *Boulevards*—Then prythee, La
Fleur, said I, step back to her to
the Count de B****'s hotel, and see
if thou canst get it.—There is no
doubt of it, said La Fleur—and away
he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow
came back quite out of breath, with
deeper marks of disappointment in his
looks than could arise from the simple
irreparability of the fragment—*Juste
ciel!* in less than two minutes that the
poor fellow had taken his last tender
farewell of her—his faithless mistress
had given his *gage d'amour* to one of
the

the count's footmen—the footman to a young sempstress—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—Our misfortunes were involved together—I gave a sigh—and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear—

—‘How perfidious!’ cried La Fleur—‘How unlucky!’ said I.

—‘I should not have been mortified, Monsieur,’ quoth La Fleur, ‘if she had lost it.’—‘Nor I, La Fleur,’ said I, ‘had I found it.’

Whether I did or no will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large and open streets.—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of her's, worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are *absolutely* fine—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermons out of them—and for the text—*Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia*—is as good as any one in the bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out of the opera comique into a narrow street; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre**, or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, it is lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door—it is more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm with their backs against

the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself.—‘Twelve sous!’ said one—‘A twelve-sous piece!’ said the other—and made no reply.

The poor man said, he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

‘Poo!’ said they—‘we have no money.’

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

‘Do not, my fair young ladies,’ said he, ‘stop your good ears against me!’—‘Upon my word, honest man!’ said the younger, ‘we have no change.’—‘Then God bless you!’ said the poor man, ‘and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!’—I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket—‘I’ll see,’ said she, ‘if I have a sous.’—‘A sous! give twelve!’ said the supplicant. ‘Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.’

‘I would, friend, with all my heart,’ said the younger, ‘if I had it.’

‘My fair charitable!’ said he, addressing himself to the elder—‘What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet that they outshine the morning

* Hackney-coach.

even

* even in this dark passage? And what was it which made the Marquis De Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just passed by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity—and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAIN'D.

PARIS.

I Stepped hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the woman before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—'twas *Flattery*.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all it's powers and all it's weaknesses on thy side! How sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentrate, and qualify it—I vex not my spirit with the enquiry—it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces—and they can best tell the rest, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world, not so much by doing services, as receiving them; you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it because you have planted it.

Monsieur Le Count de B****, merely because he had done me one

kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen, that I had gold out of the *courvert** of some more entertaining guest; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****: in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *cour d'amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since.—The Marquis de B**** wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain—He could like to take a trip to England—and asked much of the English ladies. 'Stay where you are, I beseech you, Monsieur le Marquis,' said I:—'Les Messieurs Anglois can scarce get a kind look from them as it is.'—The marquis invited me to supper.

Monsieur P****, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes.—They were very considerable, he heard.—'If we knew but how to collect them,' said I—making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monsieur P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q**** as an *esprit*—Madame de Q**** was an *esprit* herself: she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sou whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced she had.—I call Heaven to witness, I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V**** vowed to every creature she met—She had never had a

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

more improving conversation with a man in her life.

There are three epochs in the empire of a French woman—She is coquette—then deist—then devotee; the empire during these is never lost—the only changes her subjects—when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she repoples it with slaves of infidelity—and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochs: the colour of the rose was fading fast away—the ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sofa with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely.—In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the out-works, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as her's could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her—that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sofa beside her, but I had begun to form designs—and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

'We are not adamant,' said I, taking hold of her hand; 'and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us—but, my dear lady,' said I, kissing her hand—'it is too—too soon—'

I declare, I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V***.—She affirmed to Monsieur D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopædia had said against it—I was lifted directly into Madame de V***'s *coterie*—and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faincant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of

the room, to tell me my *sositaire* was pinned too strait about my neck.—'It should be *plus badinant*,' said the count, looking down upon his own—but a word, Monsieur Yorick, to the wife—'

—'And from the wife, Monsieur Le Count,' replied I, making him a bow—'is enough.'

The Count de Faincant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met.—'Pardi! ce Monsieur Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres.—'Il raisonne bien,' said another.—'C'est un bon enfant!' said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry, all the days of my life, at Paris; but it was a dishonest reckoning—I grew ashamed of it—It was the gain of a slave—every sentiment of honour revolted against it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*—the better the *coterie*—the more children of Art—I languished for those of Nature: and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick—I went to bed—ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I Never felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which Musick beats time to Labour, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every groupe before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

—Just Heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered



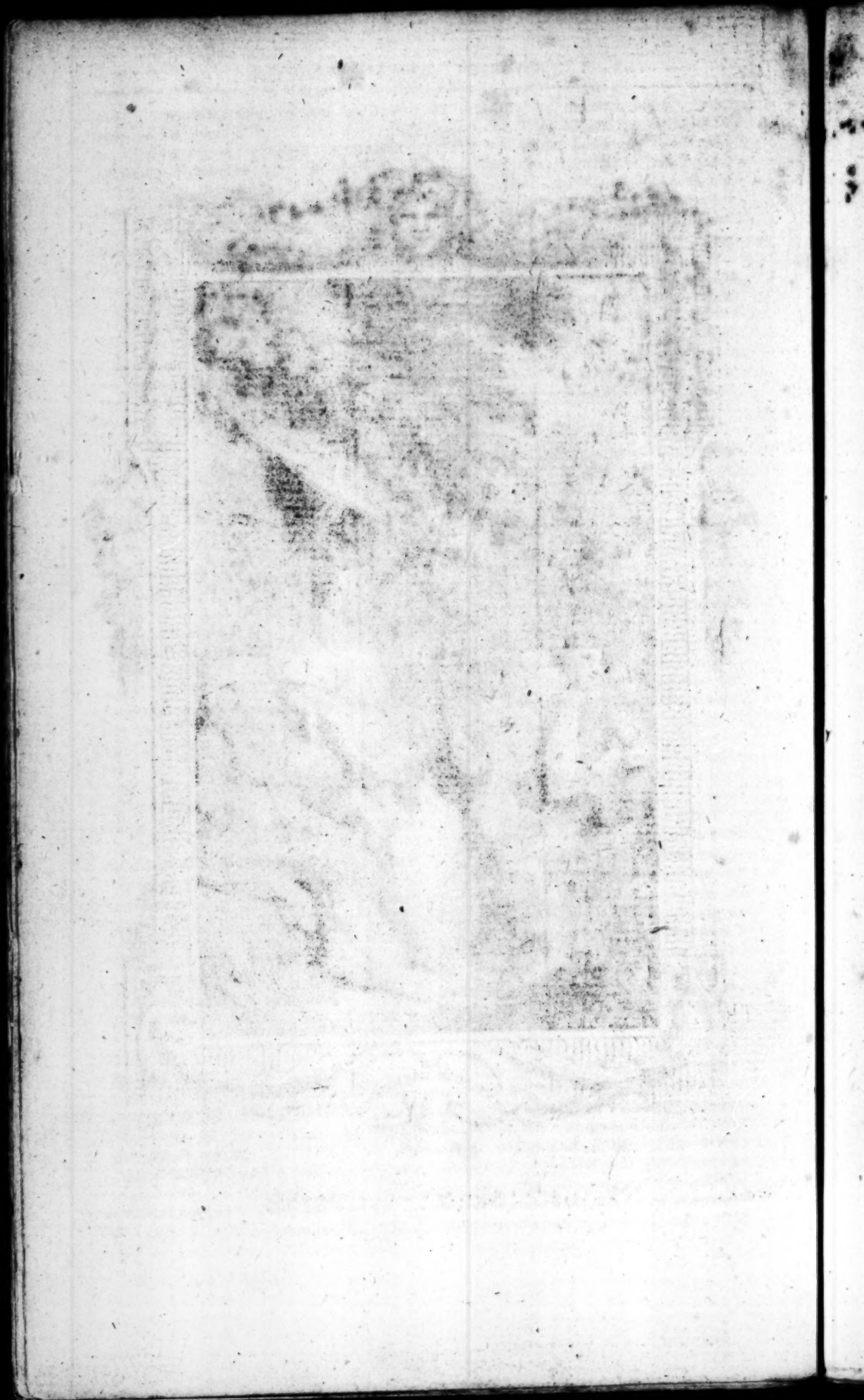
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Plate II.

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ordered maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before.—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.—

—'Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made Ea Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it?' I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and Ea Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him,

which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string.—'Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,' said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again—which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the stony roads of Savoy without shoes—How she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell.—But God tempers the

'the wind,' said Maria, 'to the shorn lamb.'

'Shorn, indeed! and to the quick!' said I: 'and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—In all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe—nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.'

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—'And where will you dry it, Maria?' said I.—'I will dry it in my bosom,' said she; 'it will do me good.'

'And is your heart still so warm, Maria?' said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

'And where are you going, Maria?' said I. She said, 'To Moulins.'—'Let us go,' said I, 'together.'—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulins.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still

she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

'Adieu! poor luckless maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.'

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

—Dear Sensibility! source exhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw—and it is thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN.—Eternal fountain of our feelings! it is here I trace thee—and this is thy '*divinity which stirs within me*'—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, '*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and shudders at destruction*;'—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself, all comes from thee, great—great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugénie draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.—This moment I beheld him leaning with

with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—'Oh! had I come one moment sooner!'—It bleeds to death—His gentle heart bleeds with it—

'Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about thee!'

THE SUPPER.

A Shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farmhouse, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten

loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it, promised joy through the stages of the repast—it was a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room—so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready, upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin.—The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple

simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance;—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said—that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay—

—‘Or a learned prelate either,’ said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurina, you run presently down to Lyons—adieu, then, to all rapid movements! ‘Tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a *voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

‘Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not: your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

‘Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road.’—The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my *voiturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a passage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait

with patience—‘twas a wet and tempestuous night; so that by the delay, and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to keep up five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber—got a good fire—ordered supper; and was thanking Heaven it was no worse—when a *voiture* arrived with a lady in it and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine—telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another.—The accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it—however, she said there were three beds, and but three people—and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—so I desired the lady to sit down—pressed her into the warmest seat—called for more wood—desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed—I felt for her—and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this—but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable

avourable to the nicety of our sensations—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us; it was a damp cold closet, with a half-dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil-paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative—that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks.—The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved.—There were difficulties every way—and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our ways now—I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up, till necessity herself had set them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all kind of lights in the course of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which

the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

1st. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame: with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking-pins, or needle and thread, in such a manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected: Inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre; and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted: Provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed—there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination—against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation,

H

or

or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out—'O my God!' said I.

—'You have broke the treaty,' 'Monsieur,' said the lady—who had no more sleep than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons—but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation—the maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty—I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

'Upon my word and honour, Madame,' said I, stretching my arm out of bed, by way of asseveration—

—(I was going to have added, that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)—

—But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me—

So that when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*—

F I N I S.



